WORDS OF TRUST.

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CLIFTONDALE, MASS.

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DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND,
THE HON. RICHARD CHUTE.

"I LEAVE IT ALL WITH THEE."

O God, I leave it all with thee:
Thou leadest me;
And though the way at times seem drear,
I will not fear.

Do not I know that I am thine,
And thou art mine?
Why then should I be filled with care,
Or why despair?

There is an eye, a loving eye,
That from the sky
Is watching o'er me when I dread
My path to tread.

There is a voice, a gentle voice,
Bids me rejoice,
E'en in the very gloomiest hour
When storm-clouds lower.

There is a hand omnipotent,
And I'm content
While I can trust that hand divine
Is holding mine.

There is a heart of tenderness,
And its caress
Is balm to my poor troubled breast
And gives me rest.

That eye, that voice, that hand, that heart,
Sweet peace impart;
And in them all by faith I see
One who loves me:

One whom I ever trust and love
All friends above,
On whom, to all eternity
I will rely.

Then, Lord, I leave it all with thee;
Thou strengthenest me;
And if the way seem dark and drear,
I will not fear.

"MY HAND, DEAR LORD, IN THINE."

My hand, dear Lord, in thine!
    However dark the way,
A light within will ever shine,
    A beam of day.
While on in faith I press,
    My soul thou dost illume,
And I am full of happiness,
    Nor mind the gloom.

My hand, dear Lord, in thine!
    What though the way seem rough?
If I may feel the touch divine,
    It is enough.
Onward, o'er hill and dale,
    My journey I'll pursue,
Until thou dost remove the veil,
    And heaven I view.

My hand, dear Lord, in thine!
    What though the way seem long?
My weary soul will not repine,
    But sing a song,
My rest I'll find in thee,
    In holy work my joy,
And prayer and praise shall ever be
    My sweet employ.

My hand, dear Lord, in thine!
    I'll never let thee go;
Nor wilt thou e'er my soul resign
    To endless woe.
Thy hold will be on me,
    Amid the din and strife,
Until I wake to share with thee
    Immortal life.

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